If I know how or which way to order these affaires
Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,
Never beleeue me: both are my kinsmen,
Tone is my soueraigne, whom both my oath
And dutie bids defend, tother againe
Is my kinsman, whom the King hath wrongd,
Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.
Well, somewhat we must doo: coine Coosin
Ile dispose of you: Gentlemen, go muster vp your men,
And meete me presently at Barkly:
I should to Plashie too, but time will not permit:
All is vneuen, and euerie thing is left at sixe and seauen.

Exeunt Duke Quee. Bush. Green.

Bush. The wind sits faire for newes to go for Ireland,
But none returnes. For vs to leuie power
Proportionable to the enemie is all vnpossible.
Greene Besides our nearenesse to the King in loue,
Is neare the hate of those loue not the King.
Bag. And that is the wauering commons, for their loue
Lies in their purses, and who so empties them,
By so much filles their hearts with deadly hate.
Bush. Wherein the King stands generally condemnd.
Bag. If iudgement lie in them, then so do wee,
Because we euer haue beene neere the King.
Greene Well I will for refuge straight to Brist. Castle,
The Earle of Wiltshire is already there.
Bush. Thither will I with you, for little office
Will the hatefull commons performe for vs,
Except like curs to teare vs all in pieces:
Wil you go along with vs?
Bag. No, I wil to Ireland to his Maiestie:
Farewel if hearts presages bee not vaine,
We three here part that neere shal meete againe.
Bush. Thats as Yorke thriues to beat back Bullingbrook.
Gree. Alas poore Duke, the taske he vndertakes,
Is numbring sands, and drinking Oceans dry,
Where one on his side fights, thousands will flie,
Farewell at once, for once, for all, and euer.

Bull.